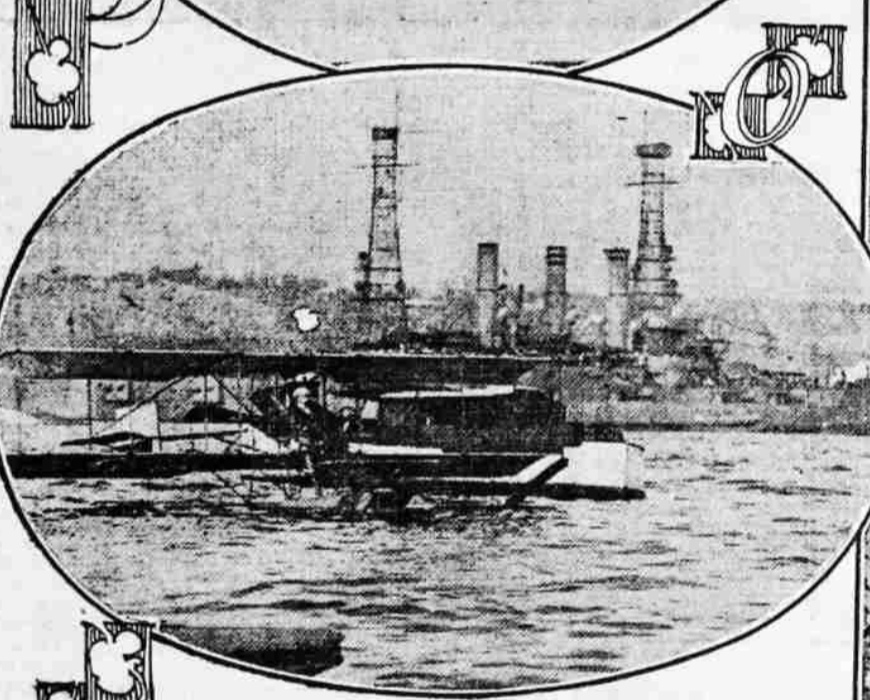
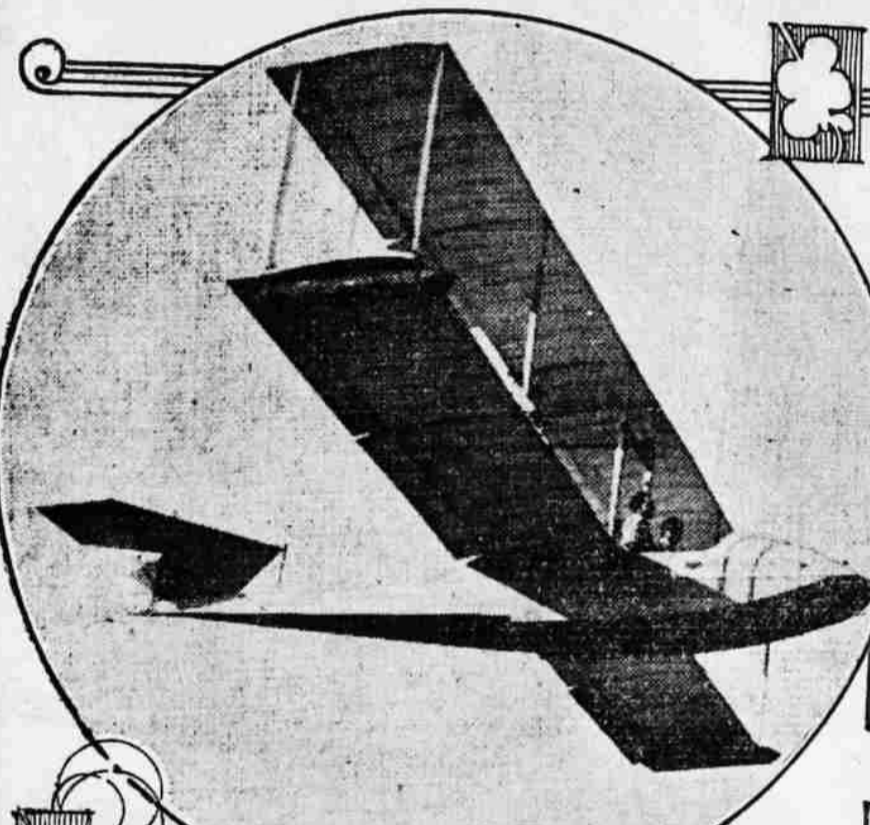
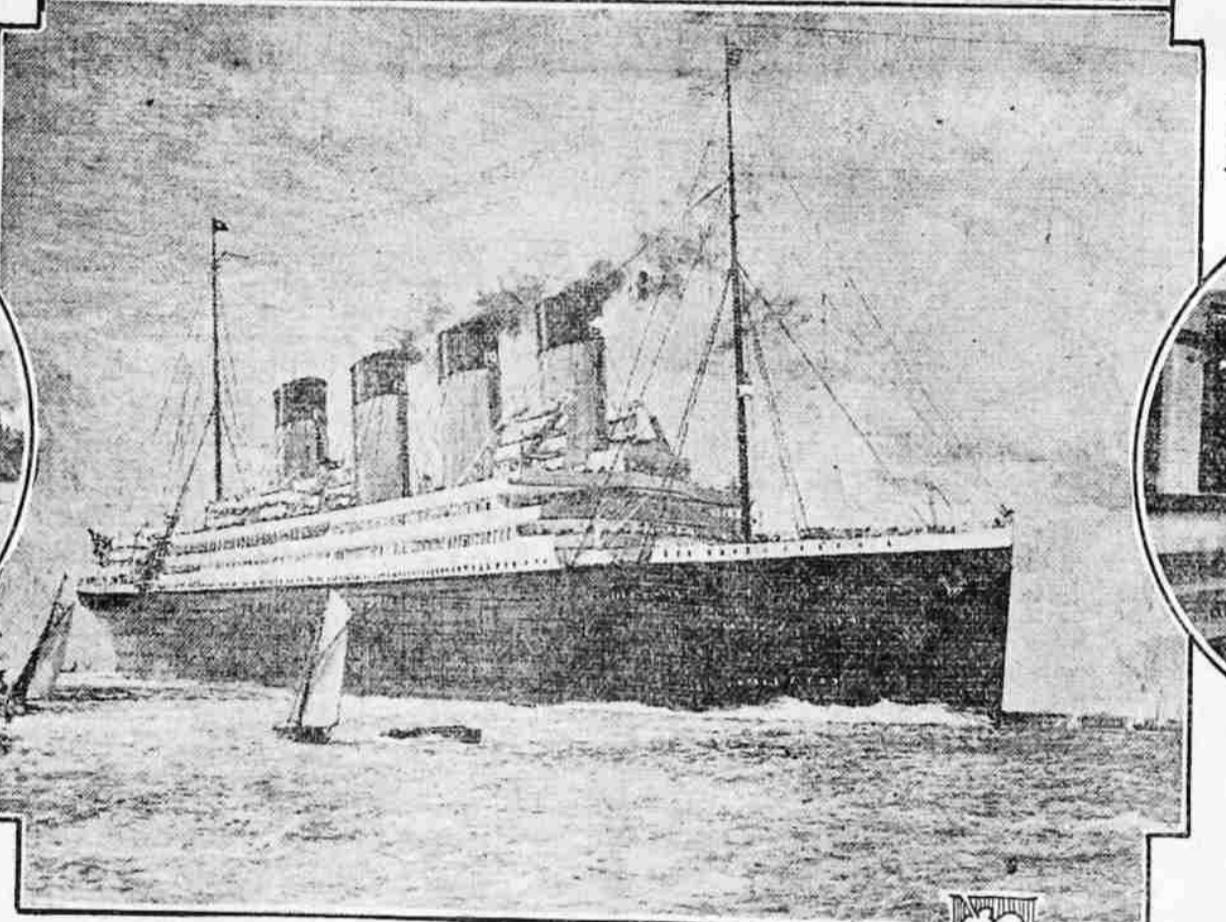
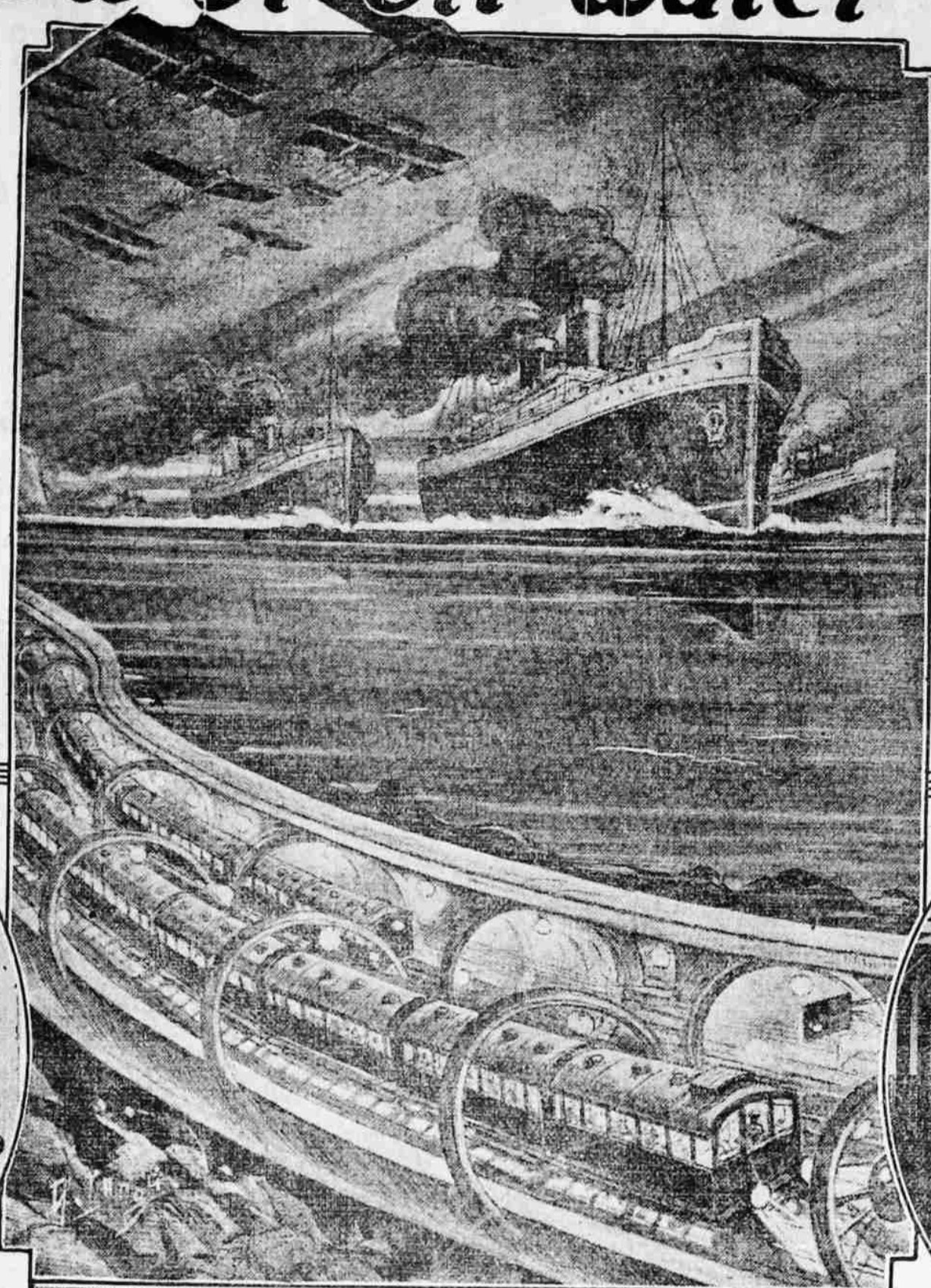


Above, Below Or On Water To Europe

Proposed Subway From London to Paris Shows Possibility of Crossing Atlantic Ocean by Air, Water or Train

With the march of science and engineering genius the next generation may choose one of three routes to Europe. The imagination of no fogs to contend with. Air would be pumped into the great subway and the mighty trains would be sealed and shot through the pas-



Gules Verne is not needed to picture our children going to the dock at New York or any other seaport and taking their choice of trips to Europe either by sea, over sea, or under sea.

Already aviators are planning to fly around the world.

Already they have flown across the English Channel. So frequent are flights across the English Channel that they no longer excite wonder. Plans are being made for a gigantic tunnel or subway under the sea joining France and England.

A visionary picture recently appeared in the Illustrated London News showing a fleet of ships, a fleet of aeroplanes and several underground trains headed for France from England.

If it is possible to go under the Hudson River in New York why not go a few miles further and tunnel under English Channel? If it is possible to go under English Channel why not go under the Atlantic? The plan is entirely feasible, say engineers, provided there is someone with the money to finance the project and that someone will arise to accomplish the task.

Travel underground has its inconveniences, but it cannot be beaten for speed. There are no grade crossings to worry about. Subway travel has made it possible for a man living up in the suburbs of New York to get to work any time in the morning without getting up the night before to catch the slow going surface car.

There would be no daylight in the subway and the pleasures of ocean travel would be lost. On the other hand the dangers of ocean travel and the delay would be eliminated. Undersea travel would become popular if it should be put in practice. Unlimited speed could be attained underground. There would be no ice bergs and there would be

sageway at a speed unheard of anywhere else.

There would be no stops. That in itself would permit of terrific speed. There is no doubt but the sea could be crossed in a day with very little improvement in our present equipment. A man could do without sunlight for that period.

That there would be terrific wrecks under the ocean is probable. They have accidents in the subways in New York and other cities today. Should subway tours to Europe ever be instituted there would instantly be keen competition between the underground liners and the ocean going vessels for luxurious accommodations. The undersea travelers would demand accommodations equal to those now on board the ocean liners.

On the train we have little of the social life. The train is narrow and passengers are constantly changing. On the sea the same people are thrown constantly in each other's company for the entire trip and that constant association breeds companionship. The passengers on board a ship form a community of their own. The wealthy passengers aboard the vessels demand the best accommodations and they get them. With the building of the modern ocean monsters there has come into existence a new type of social life.

We have marveled at the mighty Olympic, the Britannic, the ill-fated Titanic and the new ship the Vaterland. We marveled when the Titanic sank, and it was told of the luxuries provided aboard the boat which did not have enough lifeboats.

STAIRCASES LIKE IN MODERN HOTELS.

The modern ocean liners resemble our great hotels in their equipment. A description of one of these great boats says:

"Everywhere the fullest advan-

UPPER center—An imaginative picture of the three routes to Europe. **Lower right**—Two views of New York's subways which some day will be duplicated under the sea. **Lower left**—A flying boat and a hydro-aeroplane over the water. **Lower center**—The steamship Britannic crossing the water.

take has been taken of the ship's enormous size. While the public apartments are easily comparable in size to those of our foremost hotels, it is in the passenger staterooms most lavishly evident, and this in itself assures great comfort to the passengers.

Further descriptions of the boat say:

"An innovation in marine safety appliances and one that the public will appreciate greatly is the newly patented boat-lowering gear. On the bridge deck six pairs of huge steel derricks are provided to lower the motor-lifeboats and other life-saving equipment. Driven by in-

dependent dynamos on the bridge deck, these cranes are capable of taking a lifeboat from any part of the deck on either side of the vessel, and putting it over the side into the water with the utmost safety

and precision. This staunch gear is a wonderful improvement on any other form and makes possible the lowering of the ship's lifeboats, even though the steamer herself were so damaged as to be listed heavily, a

REPORTING LOST ARTICLES IN THE UNITED STATES ARMY

In any well regulated army things are bound to get lost. It can't be stopped, for armies are composed of very human people, and human people are certain sometimes to bust things and swipe things and lose things, so that keeping track of government property, and particularly in the field, is some big job. No officer would willingly mislead the government, and the government knows it, but sometimes the credulity of the government is stretched to the utmost to place whole-hearted credence in reports relative to missing articles.

There was that report, for instance, that Maj. Howard C. Price of the Porto Rico regiment of infantry put in back in 1925 when he was first lieutenant and adjutant of the Sixth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry and stationed in Cuba. The Pennsylvania boys had as one of their regimental possessions an anvil that weighed about three hundred pounds.

It doesn't seem reasonable that a regiment could lose an anvil weighing three hundred pounds, but those Pennsylvania chaps did it. The day before the report was drafted there was a tremendous rain. It came down in torrents, knocked down

tents and otherwise raised Ned around camp, but the sun was shining brightly when Adjutant Price sat down to make out his monthly returns. He thoughtfully picked up a pen, dipped it in the ink bottle, looked around the landscape that still showed signs of the downpour, and then placidly wrote: "Lost, an anvil, washed away by the rain."

That was nothing, absolutely nothing, however, to a report of a sergeant of the signal corps with American troops in China regarding lost articles filed with Gen. Jesse M. Lee, inspector general. The sergeant's signal corps company had lost 180 field telephones weighing some ten pounds each, a lot of field glasses, a flock of revolvers, a tremendous lot of rations and much equipment. The sergeant had to explain it to General Lee.

"You see, it's this way, sir," he said, elaborating on the written report he had just submitted. "We were hard up for transportation facilities and we had to impress into service one of these dinky Chinese carts, which are very light, sir, as you know. While we were crossing that turbulent river yesterday, that light cart got caught in the current and was swept away, its entire con-

condition which, if only ordinary lowering gear were used, would prevent the launching of more than half the lifeboats of a steamer."

The ships on sea will never go out of business. There is too much joy in riding on the water to dispense with the ships. The subway will do nothing more than take care of surplus traffic and for those unpoetical souls who get tired of seeing nothing but water for days at a time and who wish to make hurried business trips from continent to continent.

AEROPLANE TRAVEL IS SOURCE OF PLEASURE.

Travel by air will become a great source of pleasure when its dangers have been eliminated. How soon passenger travel across the ocean will be established it is hard to determine. During the winter an aero line was established on the west coast of Florida. One passenger was all the flying boat could carry. The aero vessels will have to be of such construction they can carry many more passengers.

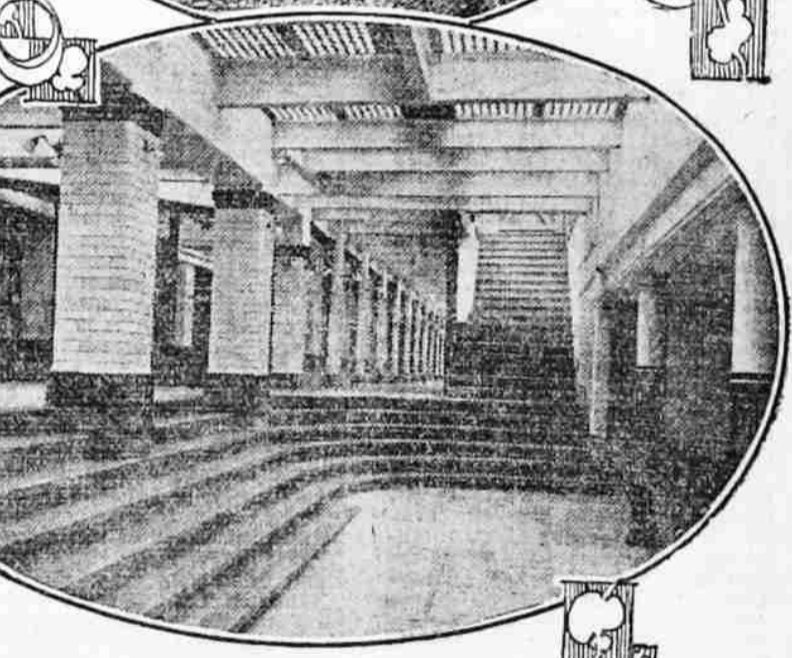
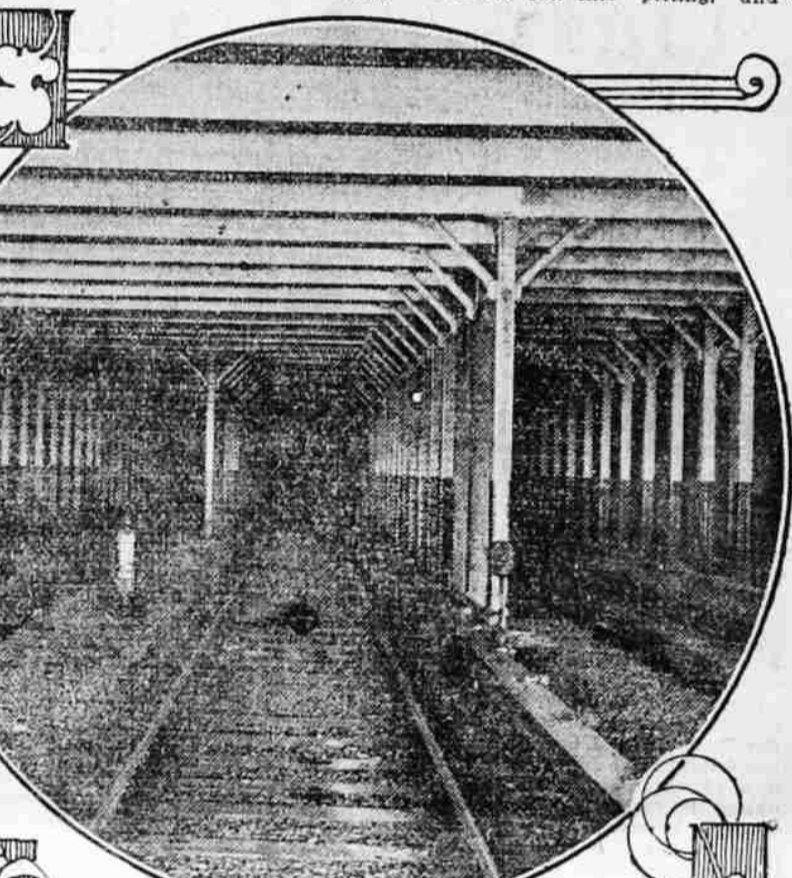
Speaking of the joy of riding through the air, Augustus Post, in a magazine article recently published, said:

"For every mile's ascent, ninety-six miles of view open out, so that at the highest point I have reached, more than four miles, one could see 200 miles on the earth's surface in every direction, unless low hanging

purple and sulphurous yellow stretch across to the cold blues of the east and the silver splendor of the moon; for it is at full moon that long distance balloon races are always arranged to take place. Here and there fountainlike forms rise from the mass stretching beneath you and curl back like giant flowers; they are currents of hot air breaking through the cloud bank from below.

"Your pulse rate rises; your respiration grows faster, perhaps your hands and feet a trifle numb, as the barograph needle rises—indeed by this time it has risen above the card entirely, for the instruments commonly record only to 15,000 feet, and is making its mark on the metal of the cylinder; in time it will leave the cylinder altogether.

"If you open a bottle of water, the air that has been confined at a lower level pops out as if you were opening a bottle of charged water. Going higher still—for men have reached an altitude of seven miles—the air is so thin that one must take along oxygen to breathe, the pressure at sea level being fifteen pounds. Up here you are subjected to only half the pressure; you feel lighter than cork; the nerves are drawn taut. If you poke a pencil or your finger into your skin, the indentation will remain just like making a hole in a piece of putty. Doctors call this 'pitting,' and op



clouds lie between the aeronaut and the rest of humanity. Sometimes like fields of polar ice, sometimes opal and rose and gold, sometimes crimson, with sunset glow—it is a wonderful thing to see the upper side of a sunset—the floor of clouds, ever shifting, ever taking on more varied shapes, move beneath you, or you rise through a high floating one, in a brief white solitude. One side of the cloud floor may be red above the last rays of the sun, while waves of orange,

the surface of the earth they take it as a proof that life is extinct. There is less 'mountain sickness' than one would think judging from the nausea felt on the high peaks of earth, but then in mountain climbing there is great physical exertion, exhaustion even, and here there is absolute calm—nothing to do till tomorrow, and that seems a long way ahead, with no breeze, no sound, no motion, save as some movement of your own jars the basket a trifle."

A True Optimist.

Percival—Mr. Hemmingshaw is the most optimistic person I ever saw.

Percival—Cheerful, eh?

Percival—Yes; even now, when he is slowly recovering from a fever, he sees a humorous side to everything.

Percival—Which surely is fortunate.

Percival—I asked him what he was eating, and he told me the physician permitted him to have the water from two boiled eggs.

Percival—The idea!

Percival—And he hoped soon to be able to add the holes out of a few doughnuts.—Judge.